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To My Offspring.

Thou forward nursling, scarcely two months old,
In growth expanding free from day to day,
Like jocund bud when, 'neath the smile of May,
The tiny petals stir, and swift unfold
Their wealth of beauty to bedeck the mold
And woo the wanton winds that round them play,—
Thou cherished darling, little 'twere to say
I prize thee more than thrice thy weight in gold!

Not that thou art exceeding fair to view,
No thing of beauty, thou, to glad the eye;
Thy features wear a somewhat mottled hue,
Full wayward too thy growth, and eke awry;
Yet will I not consent to have thee sheared,—
Not much! Grow on, thou blest, convenient beard!

S. O'L. DIGGEN.

A Suggestion in Aeronautics.

BY ALBERT F. ZAHM.

It may be shown by a simple geometrical demonstration that if one pound of copper be drawn into a long boiler tube capable of resisting a given pressure, the solid contents of the tube will be the same whatever its diameter may be. It can be shown also that if two such tubes have unequal diameters but equal weight, interior capacity and bursting strength, their convex surface will be inversely as the diameters of the tubes. Hence it follows that the power of two tubular boilers possessing the same weight of tubing, the same interior capacity and strength, would, if all other conditions were the same, vary inversely as the diameters of their tubes. From this it would appear that a boiler composed, for example, of quarter inch tubes would

possess sixteen times as much heating surface and, consequently, sixteen times as much evaporative power as a boiler of equal weight made of four inch tubes. Inasmuch, however, as the thickness of the walls of tubes of equal strength varies inversely as their diameters, the above ratio must be increased in favor of the smaller tubes. It may be added also that the total space occupied by the tubes of each boiler would be equal if the relative arrangement were the same; and that as the diameter of the tubes became indefinitely small the heating surface of the boiler would become indefinitely great.

It would seem, then, that, in building a boiler for lightness and power, it would be proper to make it of very fine tubes, if the attendant difficulties could be overcome or obviated. The objections which present themselves are: (1) the steam could not separate from the water nor promote circulation in the tubes; (2) the tubes could not be cleaned of sediment; (3) the tubes could not be constructed of uniform size and strength. The latter objection I shall pass over as I am not quite sure of its truth. The two first difficulties could be overcome by employing a different liquid from water for the circulating medium.

For a boiler of this design a liquid should be chosen which would form no deposit and which could be heated to the critical point without too great a temperature and pressure to be manageable. Since the liquid is to be condensed and returned to the boiler without loss, it is plainly immaterial what may be its first cost. Any manageable liquid will do; for the thermodynamic efficiency of all fluids is the same when worked between the same limits of temperature. If the liquid is to be heated to its critical point it will be necessary to select one whose temperature will not be so high as to

injure either the boiler tubes or the engine to which the steam is sent. It is probable that naphtha or gasoline would answer both in the point of cheapness and temperature. Pure ether would serve the purpose of such a boiler perfectly, for it deposits no sediment, and attains its critical point at a temperature of 369.5° F. and a pressure of 37.5 atmospheres, or 553 pounds per square inch. This temperature is the same as that of water boiling under a pressure of 173 pounds per square inch, and may be considerably increased without serious objection.

If the boiler is to be employed for aeronautical purposes it would, perhaps, be best to have the tubes arranged horizontally about a longitudinal axis and have the furnace at the forward end, so that the draft might be obtained directly from the progressive motion through the atmosphere. The liquid ether coming from the condenser would then enter the rear end of the boiler and, during its passage to the front, be entirely converted into vapor without enlargement of volume, then enter the engines to be expanded down to atmospheric pressure and exhausted into the condenser.

For the reasons given above the condenser should also be made of fine tubes and thoroughly exposed to the rush of the air. The condensed steam, of course, could not return on its path by force of gravitation to the hot-well, as has been proposed by some writers, but would have to proceed on a continuous cycle, and enter the hot-well after having traversed the length of the condenser tube. This arrangement would secure the advantage of a direct and forced circulation which would be independent of gravity and the effects of plunging or of altered position of the aeronautic craft. We should thus have a boiler and condenser of minimum weight, of maximum heating surface, of forced circulation and draft, which would be free from incrustation, incapable of foaming and independent of a "steam-dome" for absolutely dry and perfect vapor. It might be feasible also to recover part of the lost heat of condensation by locating some of the condenser tubes before the furnace, so that the draft might be heated by them.

If the aeronautic craft were of the aeroplane type, the bulk of the condenser tubes would perhaps best be spread out along the surface of the aeroplanes so as to be exposed to the full sweep and cooling influence of the atmosphere; but from present indications it would seem that for some purposes the aeroplanes might be disposed of entirely. The ideal flying

machine for high speed would be a torpedo-shaped structure with motor and screw capable of lifting it vertically from the ground. A screw of such force would be competent to carry the machine some hundreds of miles per hour in a horizontal path, for the limit of velocity would be almost that of a falling projectile. It is interesting to notice that motors have already been constructed of sufficient power to sustain themselves in the air with screw alone unsupplemented by aeroplanes. A flying machine of this type has the advantages of simplicity of construction and operation, perfect equilibrium, and maximum speed.

The objections against its use are two: (1) it will carry a far less load than if provided with an aeroplane; (2) in case of breakage of the machinery it would drop through the air without resistance. As a compensation for the first defect we may remark that a screw without an aeroplane will travel much faster, and be under far better control, which for many purposes, especially for military operations, would render it preferable to the screw with aeroplane. As to the second objection it may be answered that the aeroplanes too would be far from safe in case of accident to their machinery. Unless they are composed of such vast surface as to render high speeds impracticable, they cannot be trusted to drop vertically with passengers even on a favorable landing place, much less over water, crags or woodland.

It would seem, then, that the shortest and readiest steps in the solution of the aeronautic problem would begin with the use of compact aerial torpedoes without supporting planes and without complete immunity from danger more than could be secured by flying near the earth, or by the use of parachutes. Such machines would be of incalculable value in all kinds of military operations where the element of danger is not so much regarded, and would, no doubt, soon be found of value for many of the services of daily life. They might also be employed in the study of the aeroplane which could be added by degrees until its equilibrium and guidance become thoroughly understood. But the aeroplane should be regarded only as an auxiliary, an economizer of power, an apology for a perfect motor, a transitory makeshift, which may eventually become unnecessary.

It is true, nature has provided its great fliers with aeroplanes in addition to the necessary propulsive mechanism, but nature is at times a remarkable niggard, a master-workman we should always study but not always imitate. We have outrun nature on land and water; we

are about to do the same in the air. But not by nature's methods.

For many years the birds were pointed to as the perfection of motors, as the ultimum of lightness and power, as the masterpieces of nature working through centuries; and man was told to despair. Fortunately, within the past few months, steam motors have been built which surpass the birds in lightness and power by several hundred per cent.; they will soon screw themselves through the air with a velocity far exceeding the flight of eagles.

Nothing encourages this anticipation more than the history of aeronautics for the past decade. The progress of this science, within recent years especially, has been as steady, as uniform, as absolutely positive as that of any branch of engineering or of architecture. When the solution finally comes it will probably appear to the general mass of mankind as a single invention of a single man, whereas it will have been a steady growth through generations.

The Last Great Poet of the New Renaissance.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CRITICISM CLASS.*

In the fulness of years, loaded with deserved honor, England's greatest poet-laureate, and the sweetest, noblest and, perhaps, the sublimest singer that sang since the days when Milton piped Homerically, has "shuffled off his mortal coil." Yes, Tennyson is dead, but yet he lives; though gone to that "unknown country," still he is with us in his immortal poetry. He has indeed left to everyone that speaks or will speak the English language a splendid legacy; and in this behest he *shall* live forever; for,

"The singer that lives is always alive, we hearken and always hear."

His death, too, was in harmony with his life. There were no discordant tones in his peaceful death; his departure was as sweet as the gentle cadences of a "Lydian measure." Or, like a falling leaf, all golden-tinted with the hues of mellow autumn, did he glide into the grave, peacefully, serenely.

"Dead, but how his living glory lights the hall, the dune, the grass!"

A poet he was whose cry was, "Forward, forward!" whose motto "Follow the light, and do the right!" a dreamer, whose ideals were

nobleness and virtue. He was reverent towards woman, and also to her great protector—the Catholic Church.

How much poetry there was in his death! With his beloved "Cymbeline" open before him, and the moon silvering his snow-white beard, he passed away. To a pagan the sweetest of deaths; but to a Catholic there is something wanting besides "Cymbeline" and the moon to make a man's last moments happy!

His poetry *is* poetry. It has a language that speaks feelingly to the heart, while at the same time it pleases the imagination. As a word-painter Tennyson stands without a rival; as a lyricist, a little less than Moore and Shelley; as an epic writer, only inferior to Milton; as an elegiacist, unexcelled.

"Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" are the poems, of all the poems I ever read, that I like best. When I perused them for the first time I was captivated with their bewitching music; and it was then that I realized what power *poetry* can exert over its victim. The man who is not moved by the "Locksley Halls" "is fit for treason, spoils and stratagems; let no such man be trusted."

"Locksley Hall" is more musical than its sequel, though the morality therein is not of such a high standard, and besides, the closing lines are not in Tennyson's happiest mood. They display too much of Byronic influence; but it is better that he should be swayed by the impetuosity of Byron than by the frigidity of Wordsworth. The former expressed my sentiments when he said:

"Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose laboured lines in chilling numbers flow
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!"

Tennyson is more philanthropic in his treatment of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." The dash and fire of his younger days have been arrested and cooled. He sings in a more natural key; a little more melancholy, perhaps, since he is approaching the time when his doubts are to be expelled; when he is to leave this world, which was to him a paradise, and travel toward that place about whose nature he doubted so much.

Had Tennyson only written the "Locksley Halls," he would still be *my* poet, and these poems my favorite ones; but he has done far greater work. He is also the author of that celebrated "In Memoriam"—"sweet song of melancholy death." His "Idyls of the King" is the greatest epic since Milton. Taking him, all in all, he is a great poet, sweetly sublime and

* The rest of their opinions will appear next week.

eloquently noble; sensuous, but not sensual; ever holding up before us high ideals.

I cannot more fittingly close this paper than by applying to him the words, slightly adapted, which Byron wrote on his friend, Richard B. Sheridan:

"Nature formed but one such one
And broke the die in mouldering Tennyson."

T. HENNESSY.

We are now in the twilight of a great literary age. Tennyson, the brightest constellation, has just fallen, and we are left in the gloom, lighted only by the reflections of the constellation, or the smaller stars which peep from behind the clouds. A few great planets are with us yet,—Aubrey de Vere, Morris, Swinburne,—these are at their best the nearer they approach to the exponent of their time—Tennyson. If Dryden gave to our poetry beauty, smoothness and technique, Tennyson gave to it music and art perfected to the utmost. We really either do not appreciate or forget to acknowledge the immense influence which Tennyson has had on our present writers, and will have on the literature of the coming century.

When I say that Tennyson gives us the poetic expression of our time, I mean the expression of the thoughts of the best people of our time—for those who have been under the immediate influence of Swinburne and Rossetti have tastes too depraved to appreciate the aims and ideals of the noble-minded Tennyson, who makes duty and love, sweetness and light, honor and morality, his themes. He was indeed a rare character. To him was given a mind immensely talented—I may say akin to genius; poetically born, not made; rich in the imagination which could "body forth the forms of things unknown," turn them to shapes and "give to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name"; a mind broad, rich, deep, cultivated to the finest, full of beautiful thoughts, aims and ideals, which to us seem to belong to a man of more defined faith,—a Catholic.

But Tennyson was, in his own way, a Matthew Arnold. Literature, poetry was his god, and his poems his only sacrifices. He looked no further. He believed little, but hoped much. How inadequate a consolation would the dirge in "Cymbeline" be to a dying Catholic, who knows his Creator more than only obscurely through the veil of nature, and feels that he is going to be united with his true Father in the world of "sweetness and light!" But Tennyson knew no God as a Father. In his last moments he could only exhibit the feeling of his æsthetic

soul by lying, with the unconsoling dirge in hand, in a darkened room, whilst the silvery moonbeams crept through an open window and slept upon his dying features. This to him was religion because it was poetry. The Christian religion had a great influence upon him; unconsciously he gave his poems a Catholic atmosphere, for he loved the æsthetic ceremonies of the Church. The following lines will show this influence of the Church upon him:

"I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure; but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day."

Besides, he so often speaks of the Holy Grail. Who knows of it as such but Catholics or those who know something of the history of the Church? But to show what great doubt is in his soul, such a riddle, beginning "Rain, rain, and sun," he gives us as give our modern sceptics in answer to the questions of the soul. Tennyson, it seems to me, has greatly benefited the world. He has made it better because he has lived. He has taught that beauty, love, honor, truth and goodness are honorable, and he has always made woman the white lily in his poems.

We should therefore try to cultivate a taste and love for Tennyson, to appreciate the many beautiful thoughts and ideals he has given us, and to know him who, by the great monuments he has left behind, lives most when he is dead.

HUGH O'DONNELL.

Tennyson was the representative poet of this era. He differed widely from Keats, Byron and Wordsworth; he combined all the elements of the true poetic art. He was the greatest of the word-painters, and his descriptions are at times exquisite, so that the reader at once imbibes the lovely spirit of the author. He was a master of the art of music: his odes and lyrics are perfections of simplicity and music. The best example of the latter is from his

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Tennyson is at his best in the description of the pure and the noble. All through his works there is a respect shown for pure womanhood that one has to admire. Everywhere he puts femininity in the highest place. His description of the Lady of Shallott will never be surpassed.

He was a lover of nature, and his poems are full of bright and beautiful descriptions of the

trees, the meadows, the forests and the rivers. Tennyson is always English, and he has been a favorite with the people on account of his simplicity. The best example of this and of one of his best descriptions of quietness is:

"All day long within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sang in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peered about."

His style is clear, musical and simple. He was a true poet; no other man had the power of transforming rude words into such exquisite gems as he; and as long as there is a language the name of the greatest of the Victorian poets will be revered. J. FLANNIGAN.

Few poets have had such a great influence on literature as the late poet-laureate. Indeed I may say that there has been a very small number who were such perfect masters of their art, and who produced such exquisite music. Early in life Alfred began to write poetry, his first verses having been composed in a churchyard. He was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1809; and the boy who first wrote on a slate and handed his work to his brother Charles to be criticised now ranks among the first poets England has ever produced.

"Locksley Hall," though not to be classed among his best, is a poem which shows a flash of genius, although it is the story of a vain young man, who afterwards took a better view of life.

As a word-painter Tennyson has no equal. Who else could have thus described silence?

"All day long within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sang in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors.
Old voices called her from without.

"She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'"

The poet made an art of his study, and his poems seem almost to shine with the polishing and repolishing which he has put on them. Lord Byron and Thompson show their influence in his writings: Thompson in his quiet country pastorals; but Byron, in "Maud," shows his influence the most. This poem is another of those wonderful, musical productions breathed by a poet's lips, played by a poet's hands.

A lasting monument, which alone would have made him famous, is the "In Memoriam," an elegy in memory of his friend Arthur Hallam. Almost every emotion of the human heart is depicted in this poem.

I have not time to dwell on the poet himself, so I shall notice a few of his poems. In "Lancelot and Elaine," one of the beautiful idyls, is a passage that strikes me, especially on account of the perfect unity of thought contained in it:

"Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down.
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold,
Drawn to her waist and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely; for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

The "dead steered by the dumb!" The two seem perfectly to agree; for neither can speak, and one seems to glory in his charge.

I defy anyone to convince me that anyone but Tennyson holds the supremacy for beautiful verse. It is all music, all harmony, and it seems to flow so easily that no effort is required to read it.

Again, in the "Morte d'Arthur" are some beautiful passages. I quote but two:

"If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul."

And,

"For as the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

These lines from the "Poet's Song" seem to me quite pretty, though not as exquisite (far from it!) as some from his other songs:

"And the nightingale thought," I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

Never shall we have a poet-laureate so grand, sublime, and at the same time so musical as Alfred Tennyson. It seems to me that with him dies poetry. It cannot be denied that great poets await the laureateship; but, although filled by a genius, there will still be missing an indefinable something which will make the world long for a Tennyson. FROST THORNE.

Hermenigild; or, the Two Crowns.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(Woods. To the left a chapel door. Boy sitting on a rock singing. Enter UTOLF.)

UTOLF. Is this the holy shrine, my friend?

BOY. It is, my lord, and many pilgrims come here to pray.

UTOLF. Whence come they who are climbing up the mountain side?

BOY. They are the pilgrims from Seville and its province where bloody Ægismund is ruling with an iron hand.

UTOLF. A stricken city! I know them well. May Heaven hear their humble supplications and also mine! (Goes and kneels at chapel door.)

(Enter procession with banners. Goes across the stage singing into the chapel. Enter RECARED, stops at the door.)

RECARED. Gentle pilgrim, tell me—(UTOLF looks up.) Good Heavens, Utolf!

UTOLF (*Hides his face in RECARED'S cloak*). O Prince Recared!

RECARED. Utolf, how camest thou hither? Where's Hermenigild, my brother?

UTOLF. O Prince, forbear! My heart is overcharged. To speak of Hermenigild, your noble brother, my own dear master, would be to tell a tale of unheard-of woe and sorrow.

RECARED. Speak, Utolf; let me know his whereabouts; tell me all about him.

UTOLF. You know how we escaped, when poor Seville fell, through noble Roderic's help.

RECARED. Yes, God bless him!

UTOLF. Out of the fearful massacre and seething fire we fled into the forest and the mountains. For ten long, dreary months we lived in caverns and in the thickest of the woods, unceasingly pursued by the spies of Ægismund shifting from place to place.

RECARED. How did my brother bear it?

UTOLF. O Prince, he is a hero! Such courage, patience, manly resignation I never saw before.

RECARED. Where is he now?

UTOLF. We heard that noble Boso lives disguised in this retired spot, and have travelled hither; your brother follows me.

RECARED. O how I long to see him! Go, Utolf, bring Boso here; you'll find him there in yonder hut.

UTOLF. I will, my prince (*Exit*).

RECARED. You will find me in the chapel. (*Exit. Enter HERMENIGILD in pilgrim's garb.*)

HERMENIGILD. Homeless in the land of my birth, I wander wearily from place to place, pursued by spies who crave the prize set on my head. The nights bring me no rest, and every day begets new dangers. How long, O Lord! how long! Yet will I not complain; for through the dark gloom of adversity, my father's anger and my foes' revenge, the exile's misery, the stings of hunger, the terrors of the wilderness where I abode,—through all there was a light upon my path and peace within my breast descending from on high. It bade me go with courage on my pilgrimage of sorrow, enduring to the end with patience. In Thee I trust; and though these towering mountain peaks rush from their base and plunge into the sea, still will I trust in Thee! (*Enter RECARED from the chapel.*)

RECARED. God bless you, pious pilgrim!

HERMEN. (*Opening his cloak*). Recared!

RECARED. O Hermenigild my brother! (*Embraces him*).

HERMENIGILD. Thank heavens!

RECARED. And do I find you thus, my long-lost princely brother, an exile in the land of our fathers?

HERMENIGILD. Aye! exiled, outlawed, hunted like a deer all through the land by Ægismund's police. In mountain caves and in the forest's

gloom was my abode. O Recared, the savage beasts have been kinder to me than men!

RECARED. And has it come to this that thou, the noble scion of a royal race, shouldst be thus degraded? Woe the day on which that fierce rebellion rose in Seville and drew thee in its course!

HERMENIGILD. Blame not Seville, brother, blame not me. O hadst thou heard the king's tyrannical demands, the sneering arrogance of Sisbert and his cruel threats thou wouldst not call the generous self-defense of honest men rebellion. 'Twas wantonly provoked—a cunning snare prepared for me by the conspirators. I had no choice; out of Seville or within I was declared a rebel by royal edict. I was at bay, and there resolved to stand and fall with my own people—and drew the sword.

RECARED. Alas! that ruined all!

HERMENIGILD. May Heaven judge. I meant to act for the right. If I was wrong, may God forgive me! But I have suffered—O Recared! (*Lays his head on RECARED'S shoulder.*)

RECARED. O Hermenigild, thine hair is turning gray. How can—

HERMENIGILD (*Excitedly*). O ask me not! Ye heavens, is there in all this fair and happy land of Spain a heart so heavy and so sad as mine? Slandered before my father and the nation by mortal enemies, banished and wronged by him who should by right protect me as his child! Yet while the lowest criminal may address the king I was cut off from all defense before him. The revolution, the murder of Agilan and the war—O Recared, before heaven I am innocent!

RECARED. Hermenigild, I do believe it! O could but our royal father hear thy defense!

HERMENIGILD. He never would consent.

RECARED. But he must now. It was the conspirators, Goswin and Ægismund, that came between you. Come, Hermenigild, come with me before the throne.

HERMENIGILD. What, I? O Recared I have been wronged too deeply! I have endured too much. Can I go to kneel before that throne from which the cruel sentence has been cast against me dooming my happiness, my people's and my friends'?

RECARED. Yet, brother—

HERMENIGILD. When in the stillness of the night under the forest's trees I find but scant repose there rise up in my dreams the burning city, the bloody spectres of the slain—visions of horror. No! There's too much blood and tears between the throne and me. I cannot go.

RECARED. Brother, consider that our royal father is less to blame than those around him.

HERMENIGILD. Even so. Ah, could I pluck from my remembrance the sorrows of the past, could I forget and plead before the king for pardon and reconciliation, trust me, Goswin, the spiteful queen, Duke Ægismund and Sisbert would step between us like evil spirits, breathing relentless hatred.

RECARED. We will prevent them. I will bring

you before the king suddenly without their knowledge. I firmly trust all will be well.

HERMENIGILD. O Recared, your generous heart in youthful hope leads you to plan what cannot be.

RECARED. Why should I not? My hope is great. The time will come when after all this sorrow sweet peace shall reign supreme in our royal house and cherished country, and I shall yet see the crown of this great nation encircle the brow of my dear Hermenigild.

HERMENIGILD. The crown! O Recared! Why conjure up the phantoms of youthful dreams—dead, buried hopes? When in that night of fire, blood and tears amid the groans of my slain people I fled with Atharich, my only child, o'er the bleeding corpses of my faithful friends into the gloomy forest like a hunted deer, O Recared! then all this earthly splendor of royal power, human glory, worldly pleasure, the glitter and the glare of crown and purple lay all before me like a cast-off garment.

RECARED. Yet, brother—

HERMENIGILD. That's past forever! I bid farewell to it without regret. Besides, the Arian Visigoths would never brook a king in faith a Catholic. I knew the cost when on that blessed morning at the baptismal font the saving water flowed on my brow. I lost an earthly crown to gain a better—a crown immortal and imperishable, and that suffices.

RECARED. O Hermenigild! Before such greatness I bend in silent admiration.

HERMENIGILD. I would not barter my faith for all the world can offer. Yet I would fain endure still more to be reconciled with our royal father. Alas! it is too late!

RECARED. O not too late! Misjudge not our father. He loves you still. His lips betrayed his feelings the very night Seville fell. Trust me, within his heart he yearns to pardon you. Come with me to the king.

HERMENIGILD. O mock me not with vision of sweet peace; fate dealt with me too sternly that I could so readily give room to idle hopes. No, Recared, the gulf between the king and me is far too deep, too wide.

RECARED. What is too deep, too wide beneath the vault of heaven but love and mercy can form the bridge spanning the gulf between two human hearts? Let me but bring you before our royal father face to face. Ah! when his glance will scan again your features, once so beloved by him; when you and I, his only children, stand before his throne united by the sacred ties of blood and love, trust me, the father's love, which never dies, will leap with sudden impulse from his heart to meet the love of his returning son in new-born fervor, and from the clouds of our misery will spring the rainbow of consoling peace. (*Enter BOSO and UTOLF.*)

RECARED. O Boso, dearest friend!

HERMENIGILD. Boso!

BOSO. My prince! (*Bows.*) Yes, I am Boso, your old friend and tutor.

HERMENIGILD. You are welcome, Boso, to your unhappy prince.

BOSO. O how I longed to see your face again! but I grieve to meet you thus.

HERMENIGILD. Thy lot has been almost as hard as mine, old friend.

BOSO. Yet gladly would I bear a double burden to lighten yours.

RECARED. Well said, and truly meant. Assist me, Boso, in my endeavors for peace within our house, as I have mentioned before to you.

BOSO. Indeed, Prince Hermenigild, your brother's plan is good. The baneful influence of cunning men which has misled your father is great and powerful. In vain I rose to break its charm. The mere attempt brought me disgrace and exile. In vain strove Recared. This spell around the king must needs be broken. The cause of justice and the welfare of the land, your own condition and the future of your house demand it.

UTOLF. Yes, Prince, consent! Too long were you estranged; too long has this conspiracy possessed the monopoly of influence before the throne.

BOSO. This serpent of conspiracy which has left its slimy trail upon our history must be crushed. I know your father's generous heart. Let but the fatal charm of evil machination cease, and you will see how he will be himself again in all innate generosity and love. When he beholds his sons, united in the bonds of love and brotherhood, standing before him, the ice around his heart will melt and he will forgive.

RECARED (*Lays his hand on HERMENIGILD'S shoulder*). Dear brother!

HERMENIGILD. Well, be it so. My struggle has been long and hard; but I yield. Though heavy doubts beset my soul, the counsel of such faithful friends must prevail, and above all the burning words of my own dear Recared. (*Embraces him*)

RECARED. I thank you, Hermenigild.

HERMENIGILD. I care not what may result from this; but it is triumph over all my woes to have such friends in sorest need. O Recared! Even now there is a gentle face, long gone from us, looking in loving pity upon us from beyond.

RECARED (*Looking up*). Our mother's!

BOSO. Two noble hearts like Jonathan and David.

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE III.

(*Court Room. Servants discovered. Bustle of preparation, etc.*)

1ST SERVANT. Make haste, friends, the court is coming.

2D SERVANT. Did you hear that Prince Hermenigild is to appear before his father the king?

3D SERVANT. We did. Ah, he's a noble prince!

1ST SERVANT. Yes, sir, and the best general in our army.

2D SERVANT. And yet the king is very much against him.

1ST SERVANT. O yes: that sneaking Goswin puts him up to it.

2D SERVANT. And Duke Ægismund.

1ST SERVANT. What a conceited fellow he is! He never salutes us, and carries his head as if he owned the earth.

3D SERVANT. Yes, and the moon to boot.

2D SERVANT. But Sisbert, isn't he a great soldier, a regular war horse?

1ST SERVANT. War horse? O yes! but like a mad dog. They ought to muzzle him in time of peace, and only set him loose when the drum beats.

3D SERVANT. Brother, don't speak so loud lest he hear you and forget the muzzle.

1ST SERVANT. Bah! He doesn't care for such small fry as we are. He's after princely blood.

2D SERVANT. Get ye gone! there is a pair of them. (*Exeunt. Enter GOSWIN and ÆGISMUND.*)

ÆGISMUND. When did you hear that Hermenigild arrived?

GOSWIN (*Peevishly*). Only an hour ago.

ÆGISMUND. So did I.

GOSWIN. He came with Recared about midnight.

ÆGISMUND. What do you think about it?

GOSWIN. I was taken by surprise. I fear his coming may upset my plans entirely.

ÆGISMUND. How could he be so bold?

GOSWIN. Believe me it's Recared who planned this move.

ÆGISMUND. My curse on him! We must look to that youth.

GOSWIN (*Significantly*). Leave him to me.

ÆGISMUND. What's to be done to counteract this scheme?

GOSWIN. I sent forthwith to the queen to ask an audience and stimulate the anger of the king against the prince.

ÆGISMUND. Very good!

GOSWIN. When Hermenigild appears before the throne watch the development. In case the king relents I will rise with an invective against the prince before the house. You and your party must support me.

ÆGISMUND. Rely on me. I go to rally them.

GOSWIN. Stop! Saw you Sisbert?

ÆGISMUND. I saw him walking to the palace.

GOSWIN. Take him aside and tell him all. He is reliable.

ÆGISMUND. He would rather swallow fire than see prince Hermenigild restored to favor.

GOSWIN. Even so.

ÆGISMUND. I go! (*Exit.*)

GOSWIN. I play a daring game between the father and the son, and I must win. The stakes are costly. No, he shall not baffle me again. The sweeping fire of Seville left him unscathed, the sword and axes of the Visigoths have failed; but in my breast there burns a fiercer flame, and in my will there is a sharper sword—angry ambition, that rushes with resistless passion upon the man who stands within my path. Yes, he shall fall.

(*Enter LEOVIG, ÆGISMUND, SISBERT, TEIAS, nobles,*

servants, followed by RECARED who kneels before the throne.)

RECARED. May it please your Majesty to grant me leave to bring Prince Hermenigild before your throne?

LEOVIG. My son, your urgent pleading has prevailed and I consent to this meeting. Go, bring him hither. (*RECARED moves to the door.*) I hope he comes repentant (*Exit RECARED*). My lords and nobles, we have assembled you to witness this interview with our rebellious son.

GOSWIN. Your Majesty, a word.

LEOVIG. Count Goswin! (*GOSWIN whispers to the king.*)

ÆGISMUND (*To SISBERT*). Count Sisbert, watch Goswin's movements; for he reckons on your support.

SISBERT. The king looks dark. Here they come. (*Enter HERMENIGILD and RECARED.*)

HERMENIGILD (*Kneels before the throne*). My father and my king.

LEOVIG. Rebellious subject! ungrateful son! disturber of the peace, abettor of rebellion, who hast dared my power and discarded my authority! Have the results of thine apostasy brought thee at last to this that thou liest begging in the dust?

HERMENIGILD. My father, deign to listen.

LEOVIG. Ha, listen! Would thou hadst listened to my orders! Thy stubborn disposition and wilful arrogance, have drawn Seville into war against me.

HERMENIGILD. Father!

LEOVIG. Father! Yes: Now in thy discomfiture dost thou remember that I am thy father?

RECARED. Father, by the great love and tenderness thou has ever shown to me, I beg you be mild with Hermenigild and give him leave to speak.

LEOVIG. Recared—

RECARED. O father, he has suffered unspeakably. Be patient for my sake, lest my own brother become the butt of the contemptuous sneers of enemies and the spectators here assembled.

LEOVIG. Can I suppress my wrath when the remembrance of all the wrong he did to me revives at sight of him? Yet patience; I will try it for thy sake.

RECARED. Thanks, father, thanks!

LEOVIG (*To HERMENIGILD*). Now rise.

HERMENIGILD (*Rises*). The accusations which are brought—

GOSWIN. My liege, it is against the custom of the Visigoths that rebels suing for mercy carry the sword before the king.

HERMENIGILD (*Turns*). What sayest thou?

RECARED (*Whispers to HERMENIGILD*). For heaven's sake, be patient.

LEOVIG. Ha! yes, I see it now. Give up the sword which thou hast drawn against me. Give it up, I say! Take it, Sisbert.

SISBERT. Your sword, sir!

HERMENIGILD. O Heaven, grant me patience. There! take it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 5, 1892.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-SIXTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

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—We have been requested to announce that there will be no interruption of classes during Thanksgiving week; though the day itself will be duly observed as a holiday. The authorities desire also that no boxes of edibles, except fruit, be sent to the students.

—The retreat, which closed on the 1st inst., was successful in every respect. The prompt, regular attendance of the students was the source of great edification to all, and has given the glad assurance of a bright, successful scholastic year. The exercises were conducted by the learned and zealous Passionist missionary, the Rev. Father Robert; and his masterly presentation of the great truths of religion made a deep and lasting impression on the minds and hearts of all who attended. At the closing services on Thursday afternoon Father Robert made an eloquent and forcible plea in behalf of the cause of temperance; and in response to his words over one hundred students took the pledge. This assures a great increase in the ranks of existing temperance organizations, and will aid in the development of a healthful public sentiment through which much can be done towards the destruction of one of the grave evils afflicting society.

Bishop Keane's Lecture.

The University lecture course was delightfully begun on Wednesday last by a discourse such as only Bishop Keane can give the boys. In that simple, courteous way of his he contributed to the greatest intellectual pleasure in the shortest hour and a half the students surely ever knew. The discourse was on the comparative history of France's pitiable experiment with a revolution, and our glorious growth through Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

The distinguished prelate began by assuring his hearers of the great pleasure he experienced in being once more with the students of Notre Dame. Some of the happiest memories are associated with Notre Dame, and on each visit it seems sweeter than ever before. He would speak to them upon an historical subject—the lessons of the French Revolution.

An old poet said: "The fittest study of mankind is man." We study theology, but the practical bearing of theology is not man. We study philosophy, and philosophy is, next to theology, the queen of sciences; but philosophy is practically interesting only when it is innately connected with the life of man. The most interesting subject that can possibly be studied is how men have lived and how they have succeeded. We regard history as the best study because it is a great series of object lessons. The best way to know what ought to be is to see what has been. Find out first if men ever did live such and such a way; and if they did, how did it work? If it failed then, why not fail now? If it succeeded, why not succeed now? What was the cause of the failure or the success, as the case might be? In all history there is no more interesting object lesson than these great historical facts that we have been celebrating during our centennial years past and our present centenary of the discovery by Columbus. All the practical importance of the discovery of America culminated in the year 1789, when the Constitution was finally adopted and our first president took his seat. That was the great event—the establishment of this American Nation with its Constitution. Another great historical fact was being attempted the same year on the other side of the ocean. In 1789 the French Assembly issued its great manifesto for the establishing of liberty and fraternity in France. The same experiment was being tried in France and America at the same time. We look at France and see dead failure and in America we see perfect success. In France their declaration led up to the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and at last to the despotism of Napoleon. On the contrary, in America we find the Declaration of Independence and the

organization of the American government going onward under the pleasure of Divine Providence to the enjoyment of gentle peace. Is not this a remarkable contrast to study?

Why then the failure of the French government and the complete success of the American people? Let us look about a little and see. Different theories exist as to the French Revolution. Louis XVI. was the first to acknowledge that the condition of France was intolerable, and it was absolutely necessary to make a change. As the French poet truly said, the French Revolution was because of the bad condition of things at that time; it was the bursting of an ulcer. In many respects the French Declaration of Rights and our Declaration of Independence are identical. What, then, is the reason of the failure? Because the only civilization that first was given and ever existed was given to the world by our Saviour. The second fact is that the French Revolution almost entirely put all thoughts of Christ out of the minds of the French people. These are the two great facts which show the reason of the failures of the French.

It is a fundamental truth which must be professed that the only system of civilization having the approved rights of man is Christian civilization given to the world by our Blessed Lord. The ideas of the Greek and Roman civilization were not the rights of man but of the State. "I am a Roman citizen" was the passport. Roman civilization bore no relation to the human soul. But our Saviour taught to give to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar and to God what belongs to God. And because of that belief, Christian martyrs died. Christendom means the Kingdom of Christ: that every human conscience has dignity above kings and crowns. Christ alone is the Author of true civilization. Our Blessed Lord laid down its principles for us. This brings us to the second fact. At that time leading thinkers had repudiated our Blessed Lord and His principles. It was the English deists of the 17th century who taught deism to the French: Rousseau taught in the *salons*, Voltaire to the lower classes. The ideas of these two men *possessed* France; and in her madness she struck religion and morality, the exclusive props of Christian civilization, when it fell like the surgeon's knife upon the proud flesh of errors and perversities. In this lacerated condition when the French were destroying with lamentable ingenuity their fellowmen, their own happiness, their country; when they were exaggerating evil a hundredfold with cruel pleasure, and felt their wicked energy fully unshackled, Napoleon seized them. He recognized the fact that religion had to be re-established; but he took it as a tool to chisel out the statue of despotism. But his glory faded like the glory of France when he forgot his Creator. Having unmanacled the body of man on every side he sought to bind the conscience and soul—the very freedom that God never touches. In

this Napoleon was as much Voltaire as any of them. That is why France has failed.

Why the success in America? Because philosophers, like Voltaire and Rousseau, have never taken hold of the minds of the American people. The American colonists were all men of a religious character. They had come to America to serve God according to their consciences. There may be found a few among them who did not belong to any particular creed, but their environments were such as to make them Christian people. Even Benjamin Franklin arose in their deliberations, moving that they begin their proceedings with prayer. Since that day every assembly in the United States opens its deliberations with prayer. In 1796 Napoleon, in order to accomplish his designs, made the Pope a prisoner. He tried not only to enslave the bodies but the souls of men, while Washington was closing the eight years of his administration in peace and kindness, and warning the American people that their only guarantees of civilization were morality and religion. At the disbanding of his army he offered up beautiful prayers that the Providence of God might keep our people in fraternal charity and national unity—golden words spoken by the Father of our Country! And when the portals of this nation were thrown open with Liberty, Equality and Fraternity written above them, she *meant* what they implied. This is the reason why the American has been so completely successful.

The learned prelate then spoke eloquently of the dependence of the nation upon the young men of the day. In due time they would be the leaders of public action and the formers of public opinion. There are now men going about this country trying to persuade people that we can get along without religion or morality. And thousands go through curiosity to hear those men speak against religion and the Bible and the Church of Christ. Therefore when you are men speak out; say "shame" to such men when they come to the places where you live; for both Catholics and Protestants should drive them out. Rise not up in violence, but show your strength in the cultivation of public sentiment. We have also, to-day, men who are tinkering with the Constitution, who cry against the contribution of public money for charitable purposes and the education of youth. Their object, truly, is to injure a Church whose aim is the training of youth to love God and to know God. They are against the Catholic Church. Anybody but a Catholic! They remind me of Dean Swift's comment on the inscription over the gate:

"Whoever wrote this, wrote it well;

For the same is written on the gates of hell."

The speaker then referred to the different orders of religious who were engaged in taking care of the young, the poor, and the downfallen, and whose work commended itself to the attention of all right-thinking men. In after-life

young men, in the interests of morality, would be called upon to fight the liquor traffic. He related what he had read in a paper published in the liquor interest. We must not do it homage. Shame, eternal shame on those who will submit to the despotism of rum. These were a few facts that all should remember in our centennial celebration. Let us as Americans, profit by the lessons of France, then our country will be the home of happiness and peace and true liberty, equality and fraternity.

He concluded with the very pleasing assurance that in afterdays, when the grand University at Washington will be opened in all its departments and qualified to put the last polish upon the already brightened minds of our Catholic students of America there will be none more welcome than the boys of Notre Dame.

Bishop Keane left at noon Thursday, but not without filling the hearts of all at Notre Dame with the love that he wins from every one by his sincere and affable manner.

Books and Periodicals.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

When it became known that Edmund Clarence Stedman had been chosen to open the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry at Johns Hopkins University, there went up a pæan of joy throughout the English-speaking world. There is only one man who can dispute Mr. Stedman's title to supremacy in English criticism, and that man is Richard Henry Stoddard. Yet even Mr. Stoddard has not the peculiar qualifications which fit his friend for the work of this lecture course. No living critic, not even excepting Coventry Patmore, understands so well the "nature and elements of poetry" as does Mr. Stedman. There are many whose taste is as refined, whose appreciation is as delicate; but there is positively none with such analytical power as this prince of critics. He has given us the best book of essays on the Victorian poets, the best estimate of the poets of America, and in the "Library of American Literature,"—a work perhaps not sufficiently exclusive—he has collected the names which are most worthy of a place on the scroll of fame. With these thoughts in our mind, we take up his latest work, the issuing in book form of the Johns Hopkins lectures. The work is anything but a disappointment. In fact, Mr. Stedman is one of the few men of whom we never fear that he will "write himself out." After

a graceful tribute to the munificent spirit which made the Turnbull Chair of Poetry possible, the author proceeds to interrogate the literary oracles old and new. To the question, what is poetry? he himself answers: "Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul." The temptation to quote Mr. Stedman is simply irresistible; yet among such abundance of good things the reviewer must starve, the very abundance of the material making choice impossible. Frequently the author takes occasion to express his appreciation of the poetic genius of the Hebrew race. Mr. Stedman's book is not one to be read only it must be *studied*, if one is to profit by it fully. No college student, in particular no student of the English courses, can afford to be without it. It is the most important book of critical lectures since the days of Hugh Blair. The mechanism of the book is perfect—a necessary consequence of its coming from the Riverside press—and the topical analysis on the margin, together with a copious index, enhances the value of the book tenfold.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL. By Walter Camp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In view of the ever-increasing popularity of football, not only among college men but also in the outside world, such a book as Walter Camp has given us is welcome. Mr. Camp has been called the father of American football, and his book upon the subject shows that he deserves the title. In it, he has a history of the development of the game that makes very interesting reading. The real worth of the book, however, lies in the practical way in which it teaches the duties of the different players. Mr. Camp knows football by heart, and he has embodied this knowledge in his book. It is invaluable to a player. It tells him all the duties he must perform, no matter what may be his position. Besides this, there are useful hints on team work, signals and training. Last, but by no means least to the ordinary reader, there is a "Chapter for Spectators" by which one can in a few minutes understand much of the game. In the preface it is said: "Should any of the suggestions herein contained conduce to the further popularity of the game, the object of the writer will be attained." The writer may be assured that his object is attained, for the volume is such as must make football better understood and appreciated, by any one reading it. As to the book itself it is got up in the best style of the bookmaker's art. The binding is tasty as well as good, while the press work is

exceedingly well done. In fact, it is all that is to be desired.

—We learn that only seventy-five sets now remain of the author's edition of the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," by Dr. John Gilmary Shea. Libraries that do not already include this invaluable work should be provided with it at once. The desirability of first editions is too well known to need explanation. The greater number of copies of this history are in historical libraries or private collections; those remaining should certainly go to Catholic institutions. The work comprises the history of the Church in this country, from the earliest Spanish missions down to 1866. The four volumes may be had at present for \$20, which is a very low price, considering the style in which the work is issued, the number of engravings, etc. It is due to Dr. Shea, who labored so self-sacrificingly for the interests of the Church in America, that at least some portion of the original edition of his most important historical work should be at the disposal of the Catholic public. Orders may be addressed to Mrs. Sophie Shea in our care.

—Ave Maria.

Personals.

—Mr. and Mrs. Loser visited their son, of Brownson Hall, this week.

—Rev. Father Regan, Prefect of Discipline, went to St. Paul, Minn., on Monday last to attend the funeral of the late J. M. Kelly, '90.

—We were glad to greet one of the old-timers of primeval Notre Dame this week, the Rev. R. A. Sidley, '47, Rector of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Sandusky, O. He was accompanied by the Rev. Father Moran, of Clyde, Ohio. Both reverend gentlemen were very welcome visitors.

—Some of the professors visited the cities of their home during the week, and others went to Chicago. Prof. Ewing spent a few days with relatives at Lancaster, O.; Prof. Ackermann dropped in on the Lafayette folks; Dr. Egan and family saw the World's Fair city, as did also Profs. Neil and Kivlin.

—The Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '56, Rector of St. Kevin's Church, Cummings, Ill., and Rev. George Rathz, Rector of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, South Chicago, made a very pleasant visit to the College last week. The reverend gentlemen are always most welcome visitors whom numerous friends gladly greet. We hope they will find time to visit us often.

—The Rev. Father Robert, C. P., left Notre Dame Wednesday morning for Louisville, Ky. The good Father's stay will long be remembered by the students, to whom he endeared himself by his gifted mind and genial heart. All hope that amid the cares and duties of his devoted life he will find opportunity to favor Notre Dame with many an occasional visit.

—John Monschein, '85, is the popular Democratic candidate for the position of Prosecuting Attorney at Elkhart, Ind. Mr. Monschein has left one of the best records among the students of Notre Dame, and the bright forecasts of his academical career are meeting with their realization in professional life. If his numerous friends rally to his support, John is sure to win. He has the best wishes of all at Notre Dame for his success.

—We are pleased to record that Mr. George F. Sugg, '81, of Chicago, is the popular Democratic candidate for Judge of the Superior Court. Mr. Sugg's course since leaving Notre Dame has been such as to reflect the greatest credit upon himself and his *Alma Mater*. Combined with natural abilities of a high order, developed and perfected by a thorough course of educational training, he is possessed of a geniality of disposition and a regard for the interests of his fellowman that fit him for any office of public trust. And this is the secret of the success that has thus far attended him and caused him to be chosen for his present position of City Attorney by an overwhelming popular vote of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Sugg has the best wishes of numerous friends and admirers for the same success in the issue of his present candidacy. He well deserves it. His election would be an honor to the city of Chicago.

Obituary.

The intelligence of the death of JOHN MORLEY KELLY, '90, which occurred at St. Paul, Minn., on the 29th ult., was received by his many friends at Notre Dame with feelings of deepest sorrow. Just the week before the sad news reached us John was a welcome visitor at the University, and never did he seem to be in better health than on that occasion. Feeling in their hearts the loss of a dear friend and companion, and realizing what grief the death of an only son must bring to his family, the students of the University appointed a committee to draw up the following

RESOLUTIONS:

WHEREAS, God, in His inscrutable Providence, has seen fit to deprive us of one who was endeared to us by years of association and by many sterling qualities of mind and heart; and,

WHEREAS, We deeply lament the loss of a beloved companion, and deplore the closing of a promising career, Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we hereby give expression to our grief at the sudden demise of our friend;

RESOLVED, That we extend our deep sympathy to the bereaved family and friends, whose sense of loss must be even keener than our own;

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be sent to the afflicted parents and friends.

J. MCAULIFF, WM. LINDEKE,
J. K. COMBE, FRED. E. NEEF,
P. H. COADY, FRED. B. CHUTE,—Committee.

A Medal for Father Corby.

The following communication to the *New York Herald* will be perused with interest by the numerous friends of Very Rev. Provincial Corby, all of whom trust that the well-deserved tribute spoken of will be fully realized:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'HERALD':

"Several very much belated Congressional medals of honor have been recently distributed, and I venture to suggest that it is not too late to recognize with such a decoration the valor and devotion of Father William Corby, the famous chaplain of the Eighty-eighth New York (Meagher's Irish Brigade), now first Assistant-General C. S. C., stationed at Notre Dame, Ind.

"At Gettysburg, standing on a rock under the screaming shells of the enemy, he pronounced absolution on the kneeling brigade as it was formed for the charge to the relief of Sickles' corps on July 2, 1863. On the misty morning of October 14, 1863, which ended with the battle of Bristoe Station and began with Stuart's and Early's attack at Auburn, the first shell that sent Caldwell's First Division of Hancock's Second Corps that day commanded (in the absence of Hancock; disabled since Gettysburg) magnificently by the gallant Warren, from breakfast to line of battle, smashed the hospitable coffee pot which Father Corby, Dr. Powell and the writer were filling for breakfast that was so rudely postponed."

"No soldier in the army of the Potomac, from commander-in-chief to drummer, was braver or cooler in action than Father Corby. Father Paul Gillen, of the Corcoran Legion, also from Notre Dame (deceased), was a like hero. *Par nobile fratrum.*"

*



- Richard is himself again!
- Hould an to it, Muldoon!
- The prodigals have returned.
- "He loomed up like a headlight."
- Grand Democratic rally in No. 5!
- Have you figured up your averages?
- Election Tuesday. Are you going to vote?
- The Minims are about to organize a Rugby team.
- The straw hat and overcoat fiend is still at large.
- Ex-Juniors, look at those red flags, and take warning.
- Tim is getting to be an expert on the rings and horizontal bars.
- The Law class will enter upon their Moot-Court work next week.
- The Oregonian delegation have been spreading "fishy" tales about the sturgeon.

—The deaf and dumb speech by the New Yorker elicited tumultuous applause.

—Tim says it's so cold where he resides when at home that even the dog's bark freezes.

—For elbow room apply to Messrs. "Mac, Tex. & Co." "Shorty" is the silent partner.

—The "Brownson Hall walking interrogation point" wants to know if the bell is to be moved this winter.

—The Brownsonites have formed two hand-ball leagues, and contests for superiority will now begin.

—The Columbian orator has another declamation that will be inflicted on the Brownsonites as soon as it is known what candidate was elected president.

—Those iron bars spanning the road leading to the Infirmary are suggestive of the primitive days at Notre Dame when bears and wolves had to be kept at bay.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan visited the Minims last week and greatly delighted them by his account of Notre Dame in '54, when he was a student. His remarks were highly interesting.

—On Thursday the Bulletins for September and October were read in Carroll Hall by Rev. Vice-President Morrissey. The Carrollites were complimented on their excellent averages.

—A member of the Light Brigade made his maiden effort at oratory in the Brownson gym Friday evening. It was a masterly effort; and the young *débutant* was cheered to the echo.

—Rev. President Walsh has commenced the examination of the classes in St. Edward's Hall. He wishes to see the standing at present in order to compare it with the one of next June.

—The Varsity eleven are meeting with a healthy opposition, and it is hoped the good work will continue. Thursday's game showed the boys in good trim, and all that was lacking was practice.

—NOTE.—"Matter" for insertion in the SCHOLASTIC should be given to the Editor, to whom also requests should be made for desired changes or corrections. A little attention to this will prevent great inconvenience.

—In the near future there is to be given a mission in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame. Rev. Fathers Klein and Michael Lauth have been selected to give the instructions. We are confident that the parish will derive much good from a retreat preached by these reverend gentlemen.

—Beware of the persuasive eloquence of the Columbian recruiting officers! They are searching for the best literary and dramatic talent in Brownson Hall, and such only as can *star* should receive callers. At present writing dramatic artists are at a premium; but literary merit is likewise held in high esteem. Here is an opening for local poets, orators and dramatists. Let us hear from you!

—Rev. President Walsh read the bulletins for the first two months in Brownson Hall Thursday evening, and complimented the students of that Hall on the averages obtained, and hoped that they would continue the good work. He was loudly cheered.

—At the commencement of the retreat a prize was offered to the Minim who would give the best synopsis of the conferences. Many of the Minims handed in papers that showed how closely and intelligently they had followed up the beautiful sermons; but the one to whom the prize was awarded was Harry Jones, of Chicago.

—The Brownson Hall Handball Association organized two leagues this week, and the first series of games were played Thursday morning. Messrs. Kearns, Kinney and McCullough were defeated by Messrs. Wellington, Henley and Roby, while Messrs. Davis, Dempsey and McDermott were the victors against Messrs. Hesse, Murphy and Cullen. In the afternoon the second league series began; Messrs. Leonard, Maynes and M. Kirby defeating W. Kirby, Fardy and Colby. The games were very exciting, and good playing was noticed on both sides.

—On Wednesday evening the reorganization of the Columbian Society was completed and the following officers elected: Director, Rev. M. J. Regan; President, Prof. C. P. Neil; 1st Vice-President, H. O'Donnell; 2d Vice-President, J. Kearns; Corresponding Sec. J. O'Shea; Recording Secretary, F. Bolton; Treasurer, J. Healy; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Murray; Censor, T. Dinkle. Mr. J. Devanney was unanimously chosen, on motion of Mr. Healy, to perform the duties of Critic. A new constitution has replaced the one which for many a year has guided the chair in its decisions; and the better to perfect individual proficiency, the membership has been limited.

—A new club, known as the "Harmony Club," was organized by a number of Brownsonites this week. The first public concert was given in the Brownson gym. Tuesday evening, and the participants were very warmly greeted. The exercises were opened by a duet on the violin and guitar by Messrs. Chidester and Harris, the rendition of which was received with well-merited applause. The next was a comic song, composed and sung by F. D. Hennessy, entitled, "Some Funny Things in a Handball Game." The hits were all local and created somewhat of a sensation. Next came a short address by the talented New Yorker, Mr. Cumisky, who possesses more than ordinary oratorical powers. Mr. Chidester then rendered "The Arkansaw Traveller" with the help of his violin, and caused much merriment, while the song about "The Light Brigade," by Mr. Hennessy, brought down the house. The effort also of Mr. Luther in his "Plantation Dance," was cheered to the echo. The club promises another concert next week, which is awaited with much interest as several new local songs will be given.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Burke, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacey, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough,* Langan, Maurus, Monarch,* J. McKee, F. McKee, Mitchell McCarrick, McAuliff, O'Donnell,* Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack,* Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ansberry, Barrett, Barton, Beck, Baur, Burns, Brady, W. Brinin, C. Corry, A. Corry, Curran, Colby, Cutler, Coady, Cook, Cullen, Cumisky, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, Carter, J. Corcoran, Chidester, Devanny, F. Davis, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsey, Eyanson, Foley, Fardy, Ford, A. M. Funke, J. Flynn, Feeney, Flannigan, Freitag, E. Flynn, Fox, Groff, Garst, L. Griffin, F. Hoffman, J. Hoffman, Hermann, Hennessy, Hartnett, Hoepe, Hartman, Healy, Hesse, Hagan, Henley, Heer, Hudson, Hunt, Isbell, Jacobs, Karter, Kelly, M. Kirby, Kirker, Kennedy, M. Kenny, Kearns, Krembs, Kintzele, W. Kirby, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Linehan, Luther, Leonard, Libert, Murray, McCuddy, McFadden, D. Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, Maynes, McCullough, McDermott, McVean, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff, O'Connor, O'Shea, Priest, Puskamp, Prichard, Peak, Patier, Perry, Quinlan, Rice, M. Ryan, Ring, Roper, Reis, Stanton, Schueler, Shermann, Smith, Spalding, Stace, Schmidt, Tratt, Vignos, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Breen, Covert, Cornell, Creedon, Cox, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, A. Coolidge, E. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Crane, Dorsey, Durand, Dion, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dillman, Dixon, Dempsey, Fischer, C. Furthman, Fossick, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Garfias, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Hill, Hack, Hittson, Healy, Hurley, Hathaway, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Howell, Jones, Janssen, Johnson, Krollman, A. Kessler, W. Kessler, Kutina, Kelliher, Kuehl, Kindler, Kahn, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lawler, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, Loser, Louie, Ludwig, Lippman, Levy, Maurer, Mitchell, Mattox, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, Medalie, J. Miller, L. Miller, May, Mills, Moss, Miles, Moore, Monaghan, R. Miers, McDonald, McPhee, McCarrick, F. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, Nolan, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Connor, Priestly, Powell, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Repscher, Ruppe, Renesch, Reber, Sievers, Sweet, W. Spalding, Stern, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelder, Sharp, Strassheim, Todd, Towle, Tong, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Wagner, Wensinger, Welty, Waterman, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, N. Wietzel, B. Wietzel, York, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut, Hargrave, Nichols.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ball, Bopp, Bump, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Burnham, Barrett, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Corry, Curry, D. Campau, F. Campau, Cross, Corcoran, Croke, Christ, Cressey, Durand, Drew, Dugas, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, Elliott, Egan, Engelhardt, Eagle, N. Freeman, Finnerty, Flynn, Feltenstein, Getchel, Gavin, Girsch, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, W. Higgins, Ralph Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Hudson, Jones, Jonquet, Keeler, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Langley, Lowrey, Lohner, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, Maritzen, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Emit McCarthy, McGinley, R. Morris, McDonald, F. Morris, McPhee, McAlister, McCorry, Ninneman, Oatman, Otero, O'Neill, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, F. Roesing, B. Roesing, Shipp, W. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckart, Segenfelder, Thompson, Trankle, Wilson, Wilcox, Wagner.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Columbus' Day in South Bend.

Columbus' Day in South Bend will take its place in local history as one of the largest and most imposing demonstrations ever seen in the city, while people of all creeds and of no creed decorated their residences and places of business in honor of this four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The celebration, the procession, the pageant and the orations were exclusively by members of the Catholic Church. And in all cities of the country it is to the credit of those of the Catholic faith that they have been conspicuously prominent in the celebrations pertaining to the anniversary. It should be so. The great discover was of that faith, and it was through the generosity of a noble woman of the same faith, the great Genoese explorer planted the cross of his faith upon the shores of the New World. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and truly was this so in giving to the Old World its knowledge of a new one through this son of a poor weaver, as was given to all the world through that lowly Son of Man the religion which is the basis of all Christian creeds. What a story is that of Columbus! There is nothing more pathetic in history, than this man of lowly birth, a sailor, mapmaker, adventurer, mendicant, suppliant at convent gates, an object of ridicule among common people, then an admiral and the world's greatest discoverer, and at the last demented, neglected by nobility at Valladolid, with only the true humane priests of his faith about him—true to the last. This is the record of the man whose memory was celebrated in South Bend yesterday, and whose monument is the New World. And what a glorious day it was for the celebration! The October sun shone through cloudless skies with the genial warmth of September. There was just enough breeze to stir the thousands of flags flying in honor of the occasion. One could imagine it was just such a day as this 400 hundred years ago when Columbus and his sailors, weary of their long voyage, tired of their cramped quarters in the little caravels, were disporting themselves on the beautiful island whose natives looked upon them as beings from some spirit world they worshipped. All South Benders and people from all the country round said a better day could not have been made, and all took advantage of the glorious day to see the grand pageant.

It was almost two o'clock when the procession began to move, under the direction of Mr. Sheekey, grand marshal of the day; but long before that hour the streets were crowded with people, even those thoroughfares along which the procession would not move.

It was just five minutes of two o'clock when Marshal Sheekey gave the order "forward," and the procession began to move. The head of it filed right from Washington street, south

on Main street past the court house square. Each company, each division moved promptly and rapidly, yet so long was the procession that it took it half an hour to pass the public square at this point. The sun shone brightly and reflected the gay colors on the floats, brightened the red, white and blue in the thousands of flags, while the gold and tinsel on the uniforms of the men and the gorgeous dresses of ladies so glistened in the sun-light that it dazzled the eyes. From Main street the line of march was east on Jefferson to Hill, north on Hill to Water, west on Water to Michigan, south on Michigan to Washington, west on Washington to Front street, and countermarch to the speaker's stand at the court house square.

There were at least 3,000 people in the line of march, while five times that number witnessed the spectacle from the side-walks and buildings. Every window was crowded and where roofs were accessible they were lined with eager spectators. The magnificent floats, the resplendent uniforms, the bright regalias, the glittering banners, the inspiring music, the order of marching, made a scene long to be remembered.

St. Joseph's Church, of Mishawaka, was represented by St. Aloysius' Knights, Society of St. Leo, Society of St. Pius, Society of St. Joseph, a company of fifty horsemen in uniform, a large float representing the caravel *Santa Maria*, full-rigged with sailors in uniform, and to which Father Oechtering so humorously referred in his address, and a float with girls representing the states. The Mishawaka delegation was under the marshalship of Mr. Frank Gauser, and it deserves great credit for its display. Coming as it did four miles to make a part of the grand procession, it was not possible to have more floats.

The congregation of St. Joseph, on the east side, was represented as follows: First float, representing St. Joseph's congregation—St. Joseph with four guards of honor was represented under an elaborate canopy, the banner of St. Joseph and the national colors forming the principal decorations. The next float showed Columbus, assisted by his protector, Father Perez, explaining his theories before the court of Queen Isabella. Isabella and her court, thirteen in number, were selected from among the Children of Mary Society. The next float contained the rest of St. Mary's Society with their flag and our national colors. The next float represented the departure of Columbus from Palos—Columbus and his crew receiving the farewell blessing from Father Perez, on board the *Santa Maria*. The fifth float showed Our Lady, Star of the Sea. It represented waves of the ocean, with Star of the Sea and the crew's evening song, "Ave Maris Stella." The sixth float represented missionaries preaching the Gospel to Indians. The seventh float was a boatfull of emigrants blessing Columbus. The eighth float represented Maryland pro-

claiming religious liberty in 1664. The ninth float showed the silver dollar, or the material state of our country at the present time. The tenth float was a representation of Our Lady Immaculate, the Patroness of our country. Following these floats were the men of the parish on foot and wearing badges.

The parish of St. Mary's was marshalled in the procession by J. B. Ferstl, assisted by Bruno Krupper. The societies represented were St. Aloysius', St. John's, St. Joseph's, the Hungarian National society and a long line of men of the congregation on foot. The five floats were most elegant in their design and construction. The first float represented the reception of Columbus by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. The costumes worn by the king, queen, Columbus, courtiers, princes and pages, were of the richest silk with costly trimmings and were among the highest products of a Chicago costumer.

The next float represented Columbus, Spain, Italy and the thirteen colonies. The next contained the Sodality, representing all the states and dressed in red, white and blue. The next one represented the Holy Angels' Sodality, all the young ladies being dressed in pink. The last float bore school boys in red, white and blue caps.

Father Spillard's parish was headed by a magnificent banner followed by the Belgian Cornet band. Then came the boys' school preceding the first float—a gorgeous affair, the subject being "The Guiding Star of Columbus." The first of St. Patrick's congregation came next and after them the second float representing the return of Columbus and his reception by Ferdinand and Isabella. The king was splendidly represented by Mr. Jas. Nelson and the beautiful queen by Miss Henrietta O'Brien, daughter of ex-Councilman and Mrs. O'Brien. Columbus was impersonated by Mr. John Guthrie. These characters, as well the others, of this and the remaining floats, were well taken. The costumes were beautiful and the entire make-up indicated careful preparation. The third float concluded this parish. It was Columbia impersonated by Miss Mary Lorden, surrounded by her sister states and was a studiously contrived effect.

The parish of St. Hedwige is a very large one, one of the largest in the State, and it went into the procession in two divisions. There were the different Polish organizations connected with the church, also the different Polish benevolent societies and the Polish Merchants' society. The members of the different organizations and their banners were of the richest character and attracted much attention. There were six floats. One of these represented a guardian angel, surrounded by young ladies all dressed in pure white. Another had the Goddess of Liberty for the central attraction, with girls in white, representing the states. Still another carried girls dressed in

red, white and blue, and carrying American flags. Another had a banner of Columbus and girls in white with white mortar board hats.

After countermarching on Washington St. the procession disbanded and thousands gathered in the court-house square to hear the orations. The speakers were Mr. G. E. Clarke, in English, and the Rev. A. B. Oechtering, in German. Addresses in Polish were delivered at St. Hedwige's Church, by the Rev. S. Stuczko and Joseph Kaczmarck.—*South-Bend Tribune, Oct. 17.*

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

[Essays, society reports, and items of general interest regarding the Academy, appear in *St. Mary's Chimes*, issued monthly by the pupils of St. Mary's Academy. Price of subscription, \$1.00 per annum.]

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustine, Agney, Allen, Bassett, E. Barry, A. Butler, Bartholomew, Brady, E. Burns, R. Butler, M. Burns, Byrnes, C. Barry, M. Barry, Barrett, Bové, Burnet, Charles, Cowan, Coffin, Crilly, Culkin, Coady, Cunningham, Cahn, Caldwell, Cahill, Carter, Clifford, Culp, A. Cooper, M. Cooper, Cooney, Chauvet, Davis, Dillon, Dingee, Dempsey, Daley, Duffy, L. Dale, B. Dale, Ellett, Furlong, Foulks, Franke, Gallagher, Griggs, Good, Griffith, Gardner, Goldsoll, Gibbons, Guggenheim, Haitz, Hudson, Healy, Hellmann, Holmes, Hittson, Hazlitt, C. Hermann, T. Hermann, Higgins, Hunt, Hammond, Hopkins, Hoban, Jacobs, Kimmell, N. Keating, Klemm, E. Keating, Kennedy, Kaufmann, Kelly, Kieffer, Kline, Kenny, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lancaster, Lodewyck, LaMoure, Lillyblade, Marrinan, Moynahan, Morehead, McLaughlin, Meskill, Miner, B. Moore, E. McCarthy, McDonald, McDermott, Mitchell, N. Moore, McGarry, E. McCormack, Murphy, A. McCarthy, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Mara, O'Sullivan, Patier, Pfaelzer, Pumpelly, Payne, K. Ryan, Ruppe, G. Reid, B. Reid, Russert, Roberts, A. Ryan, Riese, A. Richardson, Riffel, A. Seeley, E. Seeley, Schoolcraft, Sachs, Schultz, Schaefer, Sanford, Thirds, Terry, Tong, Thompson, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, M. Wagner, E. Wagner, Welker, Werst, Wurzburg, Whitmore, Wright, E. Wolverton, Wehr, E. Welter, Wilkinson, Zeiger.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Boyle, Baxter, Binz, Beck, Cowan, Campau, Crandall, Casanave, Coddington, Dreyer, Dent, E. Dowling, I. Dowling, L. Dowling, Ford, Feltenstein, Flynn, Girsch, Garrity, Graffe, Grub, Garst, Hammond, Kasper, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, McGuire, Morgan, Murray, McKenna, McPhillips, Otero, Pendleton, Riordan, Richardson, Reiley, Ryder, S. Smyth, J. Smyth, Seeger, Sargent, Tormey, Tilden, Trask, Wheeler, Welter, Whittaker, Wellington.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Brown, I. Brown, Buckley, Bougeois, Crocker, Dugas, Degnan, Egan, Finnerty, Fisher, Girsch, Murray, McCormack, McCarthy, McDonald, Myers, L. Smith, V. Smith, Titsworth, Wolverton.